

HOME READING.

A BLOSSOM FOR GOOD FRIDAY.
When on the cross our dear Lord hung,
The tears that anguish from Him wrung
Bedewed the ground. When Lot upsprang
From each a little flower, whose hue,
Like Syria's sunny skies, was blue,
Outsprouting from the cross they grew,
And whispered to the little knot
Of women weeping round the spot:
"The Master says 'Forget me not!'"—V.B.H.

AN EASTER HYMN.—PLAUDITE COELI.

(From the Latin of an uncertain author, between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries.)

Lo, the heaven rejoices,
The air is all bright;
And earth gives her voices.
From depth and from height.
For the darkness is broken,
Black storm has passed by;
And, in peace, for a token,
The palm waves on high.
Spring breezes are blowing;
Spring flowers are at hand;
Spring grasses are growing
A broad in the land;
And violets brighten
The roses in bloom,
Ahe marigold heighten
The lilies' perfume.

Rise, then, O my praises—
Fresh life in your veins!
As the viol upraises
The gladdest of strains;
For once more He sees us,
Alive, as He said—
Our holy Lord, Jesus,
Escaped from the dead.
Then thunder, ye mountains!
Ye valleys, resound!
Leap forth, O ye fountains!
Ye hills, echo round!
For He alone frees us;
He does as He said—
Our holy Lord, Jesus,
Alive from the dead!
SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD, S. S. Times,

A DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

AS TO BLOODY HINGLISHMEN.

It is one of the painful peculiarities of this Dreamer that he believes in his native land. He verily thinks that some Americans have brains; that they can speak upon a platform; and that they can trade, invent, engineer and organize with any body. He labors under the absurd delusion that the President's "United States" is just as good as the Queen's "English." He is willing to wear an "overcoat"—and call it that, rather than a "top-coat." And if there is one thing above another, that he himself despises it is an Angloised dude.

The fact is he saw the other day, and he desires to make him immortal by a stroke or two. It was in a restaurant. There was a pitcher alleged to contain water, but as empty as the head of the young fellow who reached over after it. In the weakness of his benevolence the Dreamer remarked: "I believe if there is any water there." The scion of a hundred earls glared at him as if this had been a great presumption. Then he scowled into the pitcher. Then he ejaculated "Grr-eat Hevve-ens!" to the vacant air. To this present moment the Dreamer is in anxious abeyance between himself and the pitcher to know to whom or to what the "Grr-eat Hevve-ens" belonged.

It was only in the last generation that Captain Basil Hall came over—and Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. Captain Hall was shocked; Mrs. Trollope was seriously scandalized, and Charles Dickens let loose all his satire. Every one of these persons was handsomely treated—and they all went home and saw that we had no *entchab*, no morals and no manners.

By and by came another batch. Then came another, and another. "The States" were a good place to visit. One could see so much and be made so much of, doneher know. You could even take your gun after buffalo on the Hoboken meadows, or see Indians with scalping knives on the public streets. And so in the latter days came Dean Stanley, who couldn't be understood when he spoke; and Charles Kingsley, who was even worse, and finally Matthew Arnold, who worst of all. Men like Saks and the later Dickens, and Lord Coleridge and Proctor, and such persons of reasonable intelligence, conducted themselves like sensible beings. But the very latest batch—say and except Rufus Hatch's dudies, have been the most obnoxious of all.

Here is Mr. Freeman, who aspires to be an authority—bless his kind heart!—on American politics. Listen to him talk about "Stalwarts" and "Half-Breeds" with savor and a genial desire to enlighten your English and American ignorance. Then mark him declare that he sees no difference between Democrats and Republicans. And when you are over this electric shock, suffer him to give you several more as to your gross, new, unpolished, but very plutoctetic style in New York and other cities.

It used to be thought that it was disgraceful to eat a man's salt and then go away and chatter about his home and his table. But the modern Englishman does just that thing. It is refreshing for one in a while, to have one of their own nations—like Alfred St. Johnston in his recent book, "Camping Among Cannibals"—give it to them without mercy for their utter brutality and indifference to the rights of others. Quiet diffusion of social information as to the habits of the Bloody Hinglish when wandering upon this continent results in some curious facts. The animal, set loose beneath Western skies, is churlish and gruff to admiration. He is capable of being impolite to ladies and gloriously uncivil and selfish. He expects to find a servant at each angle of the stairs. He overrides every arrangement made in his behalf; does when being escorted by railway—and has been known to snore at the dinner table. He is offensively rough in his attire and perpetually devoted to his "tub." He drinks strong liquors in a heavy Saxon manner. His standard of ethics is low, and his standard of morals is lower. Add to this that he assumes the lordship of all he surveys—and you have him. Particularly you have Mr. Matthew Arnold as he exhibits himself in his first letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on his American impressions.

Before this Son-of-his-father came over, to see us he was considered to be a gentle man and a scholar. We now struggle with the thought that he did not main-

tain himself—that he was inaudible as a lecturer; impertinent as a guest; ignorant as an educator; and thoroughly narrow and conceited as a man. He has written, firstly, about Chicago. This is well. It is as it should be. Therein he is wise. Chicago is the hub of the nation. But oh, just wait until Chicago gets after him for this little *jeu d'esprit* which he has perpetrated in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Arnold found Philistia in Chicago—a pig and hog Philistia. He found American "merchants" and "people in trade"—who ought to know their place—positively aspiring to have a Literary Club. He found the firm of Hibbard & Spencer better recognized than Herbert Spencer. He discovered the clergy dispensing "their weekly modicum of diluted moralities," though it always struck us that they never kept to the moralities or the dilution out there, but had to put it in hot and strong, or it wouldn't count. But then Matthew Arnold knows you know. People went to church "from force of habit." And Mr. Arnold's works were so well read out there that he was congratulated on his novel of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and his poem of the "Light of Asia." Pity he hadn't written them! But he hadn't all the same.

Then, too, he encountered a person of culture who had not read "Obermann." Obermann was supposed to run "a chemist's shop" somewhat in the limits of the three sides of Chicago? "I do not know," says the disgusted Englishman, "of any other little thing connected with my stay in America which gave me such a sense of the crudeness of American culture!" Now an American—even if he does know all about "Obermann"—may be pardoned for a sense of contempt towards a man with a standard like that. "Can you put up your back and make a purry noise," says the Cat to the Ugly Duck, "No?" Then WHO are you, any how?

Mr. Arnold heard, at this "Literary Club," the paper of the evening—on Philistinism. He inquired the author's profession and learned that he was the "head of a large grocery business." Perhaps if he had gone on and ascertained that the gentleman was also a graduate of high standing from one of our very first colleges it would have shocked his sensibilities still more.

Then he heard Prof. Irving—in a discourse with a "deary waste of unctuous commonplace," having "diluted rhetoric" and "indiscriminately misconceived judgments." This and other critiques may indeed have in them a few grains of truth—but the mixture of metaphor in which Mr. Arnold conveys them is worse than the sweepings of a horse-stable.

Having angered Boston about Emerson—as Luther did the Pope over his decrees—the apostle of sweetness and light has now attacked Chicago in a same spirit and with great obscurity of intelligence as to her "culture." This is the very worst of the unpardonable sins. For they have several, there.

True, Chicago is—Chicago. She has much to learn. Time was when she was only a mud flat. Time is when she is only a brick-and-mortar flat. Time will be when she shall perhaps get up to a hill on top of her dead self—like Rome, or Paris. It is fearful to contemplate the possibilities of culture in pork-packing, listening to *Swing* and *entertaining* Matthew Arnold. But then Matthew is only the first of the apostles, and Chicago is famous for handling evangelists of every sort—in bulk.

The Bloody Hinglithman has thus, once more, come athwart our dream. Let him roar again like bully Bottom the Weaver, and then let us leave him where some other lion will think him as much of a bore as he thought the pork-packers of Chicago. "A society," says this latest Mr. Pumblechook—or was it the immortal Chadband?—"a society that has lived in the flesh, so to speak, for so long, cannot at once and naturally come to life in the spirit." Off to your slaughter houses, ye swine of Philistia! Into your greasy "dissenting chapels," ye deluded seekers for sweetness and light! But henceforth and forevermore, Matthew Arnold shall rank in Chicago with the plaster image of the vagrant Italian; though, overyonder in his native island, he is even a little tin god on wheels!

P. S.—Alas! alas! It now appears that this is all a stupendous. It wasn't the *Pall Mall Gazette*; it was the *Pall Mall Journal*, a paper that has no existence except in fancy and on the 1st of April. But the Dreamer's opinion about Hinglithmen doesn't change, and the facts are the facts!

An Aid to Curing Alcoholism.

We believe the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any sure cure for confirmed habits of intemperance, unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of the bad habit. There are however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or in a minor degree satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man": "I was one of those unfortunate given to strong drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have, or go distractred. I could neither eat, work, nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on me violent. I found it satisfied the cravings, and it suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."—*Scientific American*.

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